

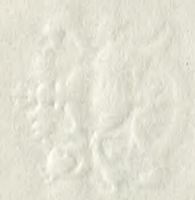
(Annie Farm)
Near Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, 12^{mo.} 15, 1865.

My Beloved Friend
Wm. Lloyd Garrison

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While I rejoice, with
joy unspeakable, at the magnitude of the
work which (through Christ strengthening the
has been wrought for the slave, and indeed for
universal man, I can scarcely school myself
to be reconciled to take the Liberator by the
hand, and pronounce the word farewell. It is
thirty years since the first number fell into my
hands, and during that period of pains and
watchings and toil, I have perused its pa-
ges with a zest that no other periodical in
the land possessed for me. He who hath
said, "I am the resurrection and the life,
and whosoever followeth after me shall
not walk in darkness, hath piloted this
vessel through the breakers, and she comes
safely into port, with four millions of
shackles on board, taken from the limbs

[Faint handwritten text visible along the right edge of the page, including fragments like "t", "a", "p", "t", "a", "t"]



of ~~rescued~~ tortured, outraged, bleeding but
now rescued slaves. High praises be
ascribed to Him who taketh the cunning in
their own craftings, and utterly consumeth
all systems of iniquity which traffic in slaves
and the souls of men. At the period of thy
unemployment for a western tour, I was pros-
trated with illness, and knew not of it - I
was very near the portals of the life beyond.

When I came back again, and found
there hadst been at Galesburg, Illinois,
within seventy miles of our ^{own} home,
I knew not how to be reconciled. There
was a ^{all} Rail Road the way to ^{Mount} Pleasant,
"the Athens of Iowa", where, amidst a pop-
ulation of 5,000 inhabitants, many ^{would} have
heard thee with gladness. An hour's ride
would have brought thee to our residence;
and I will venture no door west of
the Great Mississippi would have opened

with warmer welcome kindled in the
hearts of the dwellers in the house, than
in ours. But the golden opportunity is
in past; and all I can do now, on
this cold winter morning, the thermometer
standing at six below zero, is to reach
my spirit's land over rivers and
mountains, and take thy land in
mine, and give my heart of hearts
bless thee and all thy house. The Lord
hath been thy refuge, and thy high
tower; to Him be all praises forever
ever! ¶ In near affection, in
which my dear Ruth joins, I am,
thy fellow laborer and Christian friend,
Joseph A. Dugdale.

P.S. Our only son whose advent into life
was on the very day the halter was put
around thy ~~neck~~^{person} in Boston, desires his love
to thee.